

IMMORTAL TECHNITELSE



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Point Of No Return"

[Talking]

Yeah... It's that real this time around
Immortal Technique... Revolutionary Vol. 2
It's on now motherfucker..
Lock and load!

[Verse 1]

This is the point of no return I could never go back
Life without parole, up state shackled and trapped
Living in the hole, lookin' at the world through a crack
But fuck that, I'd rather shoot it out and get clapped
I've gone too far, there ain't no coming back for me
Auschwitz gas chamber full of Zyklon-B
Just like the Spanish exterminating Tainos
Raping the black and Indian women, creating Latinos
Motherfuckers made me out of self-righteous hatred
And you got yourself a virus, stuck in the Matrix
A suicide bomber strapped and ready to blow
Lethal injection strapped down ready to go
Don't you understand they'll never let me live out in peace
Concrete jungle, guerrilla war out in the streets
Nat Turner with the sickle pitch fork and machete
The end of the world, motherfucker you not ready
This is the point of no return and nobody can stop it
Malcolm little when he knelt before Elijah Muhammad
The comet that killed the dinosaurs, changing the earth
They love to criticize they always say I change for the worse
Like prescription pills when you miss-using them nigga
The Templar Knights when they took Jerusalem nigga
And figured out what was buried under Solomon's Temple
Al Aksa the name is not coincidental
I know too much, the government is trying to murder me
No coming back like cutting your wrist open vertically
How could a serpent be purposely put in charge of the country
Genetic engineered sickness spread amongst me
My people are so hungry that they attack without reason
Like a fuckin' dog ripping off the hand that feeds him
Immortal Technique is treason to the patriot act
So come and get me motherfucker cause I'm not coming back

[Hook]

This is the point from which I could never return
And if I back down now then forever I burn
This is the point from which I could never retreat
Cause If I turn back now there can never be peace
This is the point from which I will die and succeed
Living the struggle, I know I'm alive when I bleed

From now on it can never be the same as before
Cause the place I'm from doesn't exist anymore

[Verse 2]

This is the point of no return nigga you better believe this
Mary Magdalen giving birth to the children of Jesus
The evolution of the world, bloody and dramatic
Human beings killing monkeys to conquer the planet
The kingdoms of Africa and Mesopotamia
Machine gunnin' your body with depleted uranium
This is the age of micro chips and titanium
The dark side of the moon and contact with aliens
I started out like Australians, criminal minded
Broke into hell, tore it down, and built a city behind it
SouthPaw, murderous, methodology nigga
Remember that I'm just a man don't follow me nigga
Cause once you past the point you can never go home
You've got to face the possibility of dying alone
So tell me motherfucker, how could you die for the throne?
When you don't even got the fuckin' heart to die for your own
It rains acid, one day the earth will cry from a stone
And you'll be lookin' at the world livin' inside of a dome
Computerized humanity living inside of a clone
This is the place where the unknown is living and real
Wormwood the planet X and the seventh seal
Universal truth is not measure in mass appeal
This is the last time that I kneel and pray to the sky
Cause almost everything that I was always ever told was a lie

[Hook]

This is the point from which I could never return
And if I back down now then forever I burn
This is the point from which I could never retreat
Cause If I turn back now there can never be peace
This is the point from which I will die and succeed
Living the struggle, I know I'm alive when I bleed
From now on it can never be the same as before
Cause the place I'm from doesn't exist anymore

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Peruvian Cocaine"

(feat. C-Rayz Walz & others)

[Intro: from the film "Scarface"]

[Host:] I've heard whispers about the financial support
your government receives from the drug industry.

[Guest:] Well, the irony of this, of course, is that
this money, which is in the billions, is coming from
your country. You see, you are the major purchaser of
our national product, which is of course cocaine.

[Host:] On one hand, you're saying the United States
government is spending millions of dollars to
eliminate the flow of drugs onto our streets. At the
same time, we are doing business with the very same
government that is flooding our streets with cocaine.

[Guest:] Mmm-hmm, si, si. Let me show you a few other
characters that are involved in this tragic comedy.

[Beat starts]

[Two Men Speak in Spanish]

[Immortal Technique - Worker]

I'm on the border of Bolivia, working for pennies
Treated like a slave, the coca fields have to be ready
The spirit of my people is starving, broken and sweaty
Dreaming about revolution (REVOLUTION!) looking at my machete
But the workload is too heavy to rise up in arms
And if I ran away, I know they'd probably murder my moms
So I pray to "Jesus Cristo" when I go to the mission
Process the cocaine, paste and play my position

[Pumpkinhead - Cocaine Field Boss]

OK, listen Juan Valdez, just give me my product
Before we chop off ya hands for worker's misconduct
I got the power to shoot a copper, and not get charged
And it would be sad to see your family in front of a firing squad
So to feed your kids, I need these bricks
40 tons in total, let me test it, indeed I *[sniff]*
Shit, this is good, pass me a tissue
And don't worry about them, I paid off the officials

[Diabolic - Peruvian Leader]

Yo, it don't come as a challenge, I'm the son of some of the foulest
Elected by my people...the only one on the ballot
Born and bred to consult with feds, I laugh at fate

And assassinate my predecessor to have his place
In a third-world fascist state, lock the nation
With 90% of the wealth in 10% of the population
The Central Intelligence Agency takes weight faithfully
The finest type of China white and cocaine you'll see

[Tonedeff - American Drug Distributor]

Honey I'm home, nevermind why our bank account's suddenly grown
It's funny, we're so out of this debt from this money we owe
Would've ya...mind if I told you I had two governments overthrown
To keep our son enrolled in a private school, and to keep ya tummy swollen
C'mon, our fuckin' home was built on the foundation of bloody throats
The hungry stolen of they souls, of course this country's runnin' coke
I took a stunted oath to hush the one's who know
But CIA conducts the flow of these young hustlers who lust for dough

[Poison Pen - Drug Dealer]

I don't work in the hood (Hit my connect)
Plus what's really good, they supply for the hood
These dudes fucking crack me up, scrutinize like we inferior
Petrified when we meet in my area (calm down)
My dude's'll shoot until I say so, got the loot?
Give me the YAY YAY like Ice Cube, so don't play with my llello
We won't stop for you bastards
Must choose (?), chop it and bag it

[Loucifer - Undercover Police Officer]

Taking pictures and tapping phones
Debating snitches and cracking codes
Past a couple, blast the fo',
Want any hustler stacking dough with probably crack the blow
And my overtime is where your taxes go
I gain your trust
Get you to hand weight to us because we paid up front
On the low with cameras taping ya
Getting pop away? The prison sentence is going to
Make the officer leave with two ki's out the evidence room

[C-Rayz Walz - Prison Inmate]

Out the evidence room *[Said with Loucifer]*
Went my fame, truck, boat or plane, they watching you
You think you got work? They copping too
We control blocks, they lock countries
Ya own companies, we had nice cars and sneaker money
Now there's players out there, talking 'bout the holding
With bugs in they house like they down South with windows open
Your dough ain't long, you wrong, you take shorts and (?)
Feds will be up in your mouth...like forks and spoons
So enjoy the rush, live plush off Coke bread
Soon you'll be in a cell with me, like Jenny Lopez
In school, I was a bully, now life is fully a joke
I keep a flow on a boat for Peruvian Coke
Players do favors for governors and tax makers

Fat Quakers smoke crack and sex acts with bad mayors
The walls got ears, you big mouths probably scared
Not prepared to do years like Javier

[Immortal Technique Speaking]

The story just told is an example of the path that
drugs take on their way to every neighborhood, in
every state of this country. It's a lot deeper than
the niggas on your block. So when they point the
finger at you, brother men, this is what you've got to tell them:

[Wesley Snipes - from "New Jack City"]

I'm not guilty. YOU'RE the one that's guilty. The
lawmakers, the politicians, the Colombian drug lords,
all you who lobby against making drugs legal. Just
like you did with alcohol during the prohibition.
You're the one who's guilty. I mean, c'mon, let's kick
the ballistics here: Ain't no Uzi's made in Harlem.
Not one of us in here owns a poppy field. This thing
is bigger than (Immortal Technique). This is big
business. This is the American way.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Harlem Streets"

[Verse 1]

Yeah.... Harlem streets stay flooded in white powder
Like those motherfuckers running away from the Twin Towers
Gun shots rock the earth like a meteor shower
Bowling For Columbine, fair, giving the media power
Innocence devoured like a chicken spot snack box
Government cocaine cooked into ghetto crack rock
Corrupt cops false testimony at your arraignment
Check to check, constant struggle to make the payments
Working your whole life wondering where the day went
The subway stays packed like a multi-cultural slave ship
It's rush hour, 2:30 to 8, non stoppin'
And people coming home after corporate share croppin
And fuck flossin, mothers are trying to feed children
But gentrification is kicking them out of their building
A generation of babies born without health care
Families homeless, thrown the fuck off of the welfare

[Hook]

Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?

[Verse 2]

It's like Cambodia the killing fields uptown
We live in distress and hang the flag upside down
The sound of conservative politicians on television
People in the hood are blind so they tell us to listen
They vote for us to go to war instantly
But none of their kids serving the infantry
The odds are stacked against us like a casino
Think about it, most of the army is black and latino
And if you can't acknowledge the reality of my words
You just another stupid mother fucker out on the curb
Trying to escape from the ghetto with your ignorant ways
But you can't read history at an illiterate stage
And you can't raise a family on minimum wage
Why the fuck you think most of us are locked in a cage
I give niggaz the truth, cause they pride is indigent
You better off rich and guilty than poor and innocent
But I'm sick of feeling impotent watching the world burn
In the era of apocalypse waiting my turn
I'm a Harlem nigga that's concerned with the future
And if your in my way it'd be an honor to shoot ya
Up root ya with the evil that grows in my people
Making them deceitful, cannibalistic and lethal

But I see through the mentality implanted in us
And I educate my fam about who we should trust

[Hook]

Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Obnoxious"

Asshole
Don't know me

I'm obnoxious, motherfucker can't you tell
Run through Little Havana yelling, '¡Viva Fidel'
Jerking off with the sheets when I stay at hotels
Drinking Bacardi at AA meetings, smoking a L

I'm broke as hell, my attitude is no good
Like working for white people after watching Rosewood
So I'm a mercenary, I don't care how I get richer
Like American companies that did business with Hitler

Get the picture, nigga? I'm the best of both worlds
Without the hidden camera and the 12-year old girl
Let's face it, you're basic, you aren't half the man that I am
I'll throw your gang sign up, and then I'll spit on my hand

Give me a hundred grand, give me your watch, give me your chain
That's your girl? Bitch, get over here, give me some brain
I'll bust off on her face, and right after the segment
She'll probably rub it in her pussy, tryna get herself pregnant

I said it I meant it, that's the way I deal with enemies
Like pro-lifers that support the death penalty
And don't talk about war when niggas know that you're puss
A fucking hypocrite draft-dodger like George Bush

Don't push me, nigga, 'cause I'm close to the edge
And I'll jump off with a rope that's wrapped around your head
Send a dead fetus to my ex on Valentine's Day
The safety's off nigga, so get the fuck out my way

Obnoxious nigga, murderous lyrics
I know that you hear it
Now that I'm getting closer and closer I know that you feel it
You're eating off rap, and I hope you choke on your gimmick
Niggas said hip-hop was dead but I'm invoking the spirit
We're taking it back in the day to the Golden Age
When wack motherfuckers used to get thrown off stage
Immortal Technique, I made this to bump in your ride
Or burn it off the Internet, and bump it outside
Nigga, we're keeping it live, we're keeping it live
We're keeping it live, we're keeping it live
Burn it off the fucking Internet, and bump it outside

Yeah, nigga

Look motherfucker, my words damage and slaughter
A raging alcoholic like the president's daughters
Disgusting flow like third-world-country tap water.
But before I hit the border, someone give me a quarter

'Cause I'mma prank call, cop shot just for kicks
Payback for every time that they called me a "spic"
And Puerto-Rican chicks told me that I fuck like I'm loco
And Dominican women call me the 'Rompe Toto'

They call me "ocioso", I'd rather get fired than quit
I get unemployment, you work, and we making the same shit
How dare you niggas criticize the way that I spit
You coffee-shop revolutionary son of a bitch

But you know what the fuck I think is just pathetic and gay
When niggas speculate what the fuck 'Pac would say
You don't know shit about a dead man's perspective
And talking shit'll get your neck bone disconnected

Disrespected niggas don't show no love
Why you tryna be hardcore, you fucking homo-thug
And don't be sensitive and angry at the shit that I wrote
'Cause if you can take a fucking dick, you can take a joke

I'll choke your friends in front of you, to prove that you've fallen off
And you won't do shit about it, like the Church during the Holocaust
Kalashnikov machine gun flow that I fire
Obnoxious until they shoot me on the day I retire

Obnoxious nigga, murderous lyrics
I know that you hear it
Now that I'm getting closer and closer I know that you feel it
You're eating off rap, and I hope you choke on your gimmick
Niggas said hip-hop was dead but I'm invoking the spirit
We're taking it back in the day to the Golden Age
When wack motherfuckers used to get thrown off stage
Immortal Technique, I made this to bump in your ride
Or burn it off the Internet, and bump it outside
Nigga, we're keeping it live, we're keeping it live
We're keeping it live, we're keeping it live
Burn it off the fucking Internet, and bump it outside

Damn, homie, in high school I beat the shit out of you and your man, homie
Your girl wanna blow me and don't even know me
She lonely and she thinks you're a phony
I'll take a piss on a development deal from Sony, or Def Jam
'Cause you're like all of the rest man
This ain't a verse, it's shit talk at the end of the song
And you can suck a dick if you think I ended it wrong
Fuck you and I'm gone

Peace to the Stronghold, EOW
Word-A-Mouf, Forbidden Chapters
IAK niggas, Wax Poe, killin' you slow
The Plague, I'll murder a show
You don't even know
Yeah, foul play nigga
Harlem!

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Message & The Money"

[Immortal Technique]

Before we go any further..

I would like to send a message to all the underground mc's out there, working hard
The time has come to realize you networked in a market
and stop being a fucking commodity
And if you didn't understand what I've just said then you already waiting to get fucked
For example; a lot of these promoters are doing showcases
throwing events, and not even paying the workhorses
They trying get us to rock for the love of hiphop or rock for the exposure
Now look man, I don't mind doing a guest spot for my peeps
Or, or, or doing a benefit show, but don't lie to me pussy
Coz I find out I'm paying your lightbill, I'm fucking you up nigga
Besides, you ain't doing this for the love, you ain't doing it for the exposure
you charging up to 10\$ at the door, and you ain't tryin to give me shit??
So wait a minute... you want me to go shopping, cook the food, and put it in front of you
but you won't let me sit down and eat with you? The fuck is that?
Niggaz need to start playing their position, man. Just coz you throw a party
a hosting event or an open mic or a showcase, or a battle
that don't make you important at all
Without me and everybody like me out there
you ain't nutting but a good idea, motherfucker
So stay in your place

And to all these bitchass saronayas who are too lazy to come up with a way to sell records..
That they keep recycling marketing schemes and imagery
C'mon..

There is a market for everything man
There is a market for pet psychologists nigga. There is a market for twisted
shitfetish video's. For nipplerings, for riverdancing, for chocolate cupboard roaches..
But you can't find one for cultured hardcore reality and hiphop?
People like you: the house nigga executives
and them rich motherfuckers that own you; you the motherfucking machine man!
You and all these niggaz talking about the same shit
with the same flow over the same candy-ass beats
But I refuse the feed the machine
And Im not giving any magazine money
So maybe my album won't get 5 mics, or double-x-l's, or 5 discs
Whatever man, fuck it
But then again; you don't own me, and none of you niggaz ever will
If I'm feeling what you fight for I'm rolling with you to the end
But if not, then FUCK YOU!
And the more that mc's, producers, dj's
and independent labels start to grasp the conceptuality
of what their contribution to the business of hiphop is
rather then just the music - the more the industry will be forced to change

Oh, heh, and one last thing;

You don't have to agree with everything I've said
But don't ever be condescending to me
Picking up your wack ass friends that rhyme and being like
'Ow yeah, Immortal Technique - he's aaiight'
No nigga..
Your mom is pussy, that's aaiight, ok..
Your peoples getting shot dead in the street, that's aaiight
I'm the motherfucking Immortal Technique nigga! The message and the money!
And you ain't got either!
Remember that!
Punk ass motherfucker..

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Industrial Revolution"

[Verse 1]

Yeah nigga, Immortal Technique, metaphysics

The bling-bling era was cute but it's about to be done
I leave you full eclipse like the moon blocking the sun
my metaphors are dirty like herpes but harder to catch
like an escape tunnel in prison I started from scratch
and now these parasites wanna percent of asscap
trying to control perspective like an acid flashback
but here's a quotable for every single record exec
"get your fucking hands out my pocket nigga" like Malcolm X
but this ain't a movie, I'm not a fan or a groupie
and I'm not that type of cat, you can afford to miss if you shoot me
curse to heavens and laugh when the sky electrocutes me
Immortal Technique stuck in your thoughts darkening dreams
no ones as good as good as me, they just got better marketing schemes
I leave you to your own destruction like sparking a fiend
'cause you got jealousy in you voice like star scream
and that's the primary reason that I hate you faggots
I've been nice since niggas got killed over 8-ball jackets
and Reebok Pumps that didn't do shit for the sneaker
I'm a heatseaker with features that'll reach through the speaker
and murder counter revolutionaries personally
break a thermometer and force feed his kids mercury
ANR's tried jerking me thinking they call shots
offered me a deal and a blanket full of small pox
your all getting shot, you little fucking treacherous bitches

[Hook]

This is the business, and you all ain't getting nothing for free
and if you devils play broke, then I'm taking your company
you can call it reparations or restitution
lock and load nigga, industrial revolution

[Verse 2]

I want fifty three million dollars for my collar stand
like the Bush administration gave to the Taliban
and fuck packing grams nigga, learn to speak and behave
you wanna spend twenty years as a government slave
two million people in prison keep the government paid
stuck in a six by eight cell alive in the grave
I was made by revolution to speak to the masses
deep in the club toast the truth, reach for the glasses
I burn an orphanage just to bring heat to you bastards
innocent deep in a casket, Colombian fashion
intoxicated off the flow like thugs passion
you motherfuckers will never get me to stop blastin'

your better off asking Ariel Sharon for compassion
your better off banging for twenty points for a label
your better off battling cancer under telephone cabels
Technique chemically unstable, set to explode
foretold by the dead sea scrolls written in codes
so if your message ain't shit, fuck the records you sold
'cause if you go platinum, it's got nothing to do with luck
it just means that a million people are stupid as fuck
stuck in the underground in general and rose to the limit
without distribution managers, a deal, or a gimmick
Revolutionary Volume 2, murder the critics
and leave your fucking body rotten for the roaches and crickets

[Hook]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Crossing The Boundary"

Danger! Beat bandits, nigga!
Yeah. Harlem to Chicago to L.A., to Toronto, Philly, motherfucking Rio De Janeiro, nigga
Ha-ha. Cape Town, South Africa

I never make songs that disrespect women
Or that judge people about the way that they're living
But the way I am is based on the life I was given
Like them white boys: 'Losing My Religion'

I used to be a Christian and a political pawn
The Bible is right and all your native culture is wrong
Next thing you know you telling me 'bout making a song
Come in the studio, and tell me that I'm making it wrong

Pissed off 'cause reality is making us strong
Like the ghost of Timothy McVeigh making a bomb
'Ey yo Marvin Gaye, what the fuck is going on
These rap niggas made propaganda out of your song

But it's the gong show, amateur night at the Apollo
My dick is like my music, but harder to swallow
So children follow me, like the pied piper
And sing the chorus in the air, with your blunt in your lighter

Sing that shit nigga right now

You played yourself thinking your down with me
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

You played yourself thinking your down with me
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

The second verse is worse than the first in this respect
Scripted specifically to keep people in check
Harlem to Boston, real niggas spit with me
But Landspeed, you ain't fucking shit to me

And underground labels know that I don't trust you
You're only independent 'til you're major, so fuck you
And if you're pissed off 'cause you think that I dissed you
I'll rape your mom so we can make this a personal issue

'Dance With The Devil', remember that you're not on my level

Stupid, you're not ready, I won Disypher, Bragging Rights from Rocksteady
And practically every battle that they got in New York
And I still murder rappers on the street for sport

Doctor Guillotine cutting you short, little man
But you don't give me props 'cause I never won at Scribble Jam
Well, fuck you, I hope somebody you love dies, so fuck your crew
And fuck your family too
Technique said it bitch
What the fuck you gon' do?

You played yourself thinking your down with me
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

You played yourself thinking your down with me
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

Yeah. Wrap it up on these niggas. Wrap it up. Yeah

Immortal Technique incinerate degenerate fags
Burn Trent Lott, wrapped in his confederate flag
I got the Beretta with my face wrapped in a rag
So put the African slave jewelry in the bag

Motherfuckers tell me that a diamond is forever
What?
But is it worth the blood of Malcolm and Medgar Evers?
House niggas get your head severed trying to be thug
You don't concern me, I'm trying to hurt the people you love

Word of mouth is I'm in the club being sneaky
I'm like the body snatchers and your girl is getting sleepy
I'll murder you indiscreetly, right at the source
Like the Roman legionnaire that stabbed Christ on the cross

This is about Judo, it ain't about Jesus
And you shouldn't fucking talk about telekinesis
Nigga, please, moving shit with your mind
Try moving your moms out the projects with your rhymes

And next time, I'm coming after 'cual quiera' profanity
Fucking 'carajo maldita mierda'
Roll up 'de hierba, y pasala, para la izquierda'

Put the price up to listen to me pop shit
'Cause I got Martha Stewart giving me stock tips
Underground money with honeys up in the whip
Bangbus.com, nigga, fucking your bitch

Yeah, played yourself, nigga
Fuck all ya, you don't know shit about me
Why open your mouth and discuss who the fuck I am
I thought I told you niggas on volume one, I wasn't fucking around
You just slept, 'cause you sold a few thousand units in the golden era
When niggas would buy anything on the shelf
But those days are through, and you are through with them

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The 4th Branch"

[Talking]

The new age is upon us
And yet the past refuses to rest in its shallow grave
For those who hide behind the false image of the son of man
shall stand before God!!! It has begun
The beginning of the end
Yeah..
Yeah... yeah, yeah

[Verse 1]

The voice of racism preaching the gospel is devilish
A fake church called the prophet Muhammad a terrorist
Forgetting God is not a religion, but a spiritual bond
And Jesus is the most quoted prophet in the Qu'ran
They bombed innocent people, tryin' to murder Saddam
When you gave him those chemical weapons to go to war with Iran
This is the information that they hold back from Peter Jennings
Cause Condoleeza Rice is just a new age Sally Hemmings
I break it down with critical language and spiritual anguish
The Judas I hang with, the guilt of betraying Christ
You murdered and stole his religion, and painting him white
Translated in psychologically tainted philosophy
Conservative political right wing, ideology
Glued together sloppily, the blasphemy of a nation
Got my back to the wall, cause I'm facin' assassination
Guantanamo Bay, federal incarceration
How could this be, the land of the free, home of the brave?
Indigenous holocaust, and the home of the slaves
Corporate America, dancin' offbeat to the rhythm
You really think this country, never sponsored terrorism?
Human rights violations, we continue the saga
El Savador and the contras in Nicaragua
And on top of that, you still wanna take me to prison
Just cause I won't trade humanity for patriotism

[Hook]

It's like MK-ULTRA, controlling your brain
Suggestive thinking, causing your perspective to change
They wanna rearrange the whole point of view of the ghetto
The fourth branch of the government, want us to settle
A bandana full of glittering, generality
Fighting for freedom and fighting terror, but what's reality?
Read about the history of the place that we live in
And stop letting corporate news tell lies to your children

[Verse 2]

Flow like the blood of Abraham through the Jews and the Arabs

Broken apart like a woman's heart, abused in a marriage
The brink of holy war, bottled up, like a miscarriage
Embedded correspondents don't tell the source of the tension
And they refuse to even mention, European intervention
Or the massacres in Jenin, the innocent screams
U.S. manufactured missiles, and M-16's
Weapon contracts and corrupted American dreams
Media censorship, blocking out the video screens
A continent of oil kingdoms, bought for a bargain
Democracy is just a word, when the people are starvin'
The average citizen, made to be, blind to the reason
A desert full of genocide, where the bodies are freezin'
And the world doesn't believe that you fightin' for freedom
Cause you fucked the Middle East, and gave birth to a demon
It's open season with the CIA, bugging my crib
Trapped in a ghetto region like a Palestinian kid
Where nobody gives a fuck whether you die or you live
I'm tryin' to give the truth, and I know the price is my life
But when I'm gone they'll sing a song about Immortal Technique
Who beheaded the President, and the princes and sheiks
You don't give a fuck about us, I can see through your facade
Like a fallen angel standing in the presence of God
Bitch niggaz scared of the truth, when it looks at you hard

[Hook]

It's like MK-ULTRA, controlling your brain
Suggestive thinking, causing your perspective to change
They wanna rearrange the whole point of view in the ghetto
The fourth branch of the government, want us to settle
A bandana full of glittering, generality
Fighting for freedom and fighting terror, but what's reality?
Martial law is coming soon to the hood, to kill you
While you hanging your flag out your project window

[Talking]

Yeah..

The fourth branch of the government AKA the media
Seems to now have a retirement plan for ex-military officials
As if their opinion was at all unbiased
A machine shouldn't speak for men
So shut the fuck up you mindless drone!
And you know it's serious
When these same media outfits are spending millions of dollars on a PR campaign
To try to convince you they're fair and balanced
When they're some of the most ignorant, and racist people
Giving that type of mentality a safe haven
We act like we share in the spoils of war that they do
We die in wars, we don't get the contracts to make money off 'em afterwards!
We don't get weapons contracts, nigga!
We don't get cheap labor for our companies, nigga!
We are cheap labor, nigga!
Turn off the news and read, nigga!
Read... read... read...

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Internally Bleeding"

Yea... Yea... Ay yo

The things I've seen in life will make you choke by surprise
Like an aborted fetus in a jar that opened it's eyes
Provoking my demise, I'll leave your spirit broken inside
Like the feeling of 50 million people hoping you'd die
And niggaz wonder why my heart is full of hatred and anger
Cause some bitch killed my first born son with a coat hanger
I strangled out the pain until my soul was empty and cold
Crippled and worthless, so I thought that it could never be sold
My mother told me that placing my faith in God was the answer
But then I hated God cause he gave my mother cancer
Killing her slow like the Feds did to the Black Panthers
The genesis of genocide is like a Pagan religion
Carefully hidden, woven into the holidays of a Christian
I had a vision of nuclear holocaust on top of me
And this is prophecy, the words that I speak from my lungs
The severed head of John the Baptist speaking in tongues
Like "Che Guevara" my soliloquies speak through a gun
Paint in slow motion like trees that reach for the sun
Nigga the preaching is done cause I don't got a DJ
Like Reverend Run, I curse the life of any man who kills
Benevolent ones, I never asked to be the messenger
But I was chosen to speak the words of every African slave
Dumped in the ocean, stolen by America
Tortured, buried, and frozen written out of the history books
Your children are holding, internally bleeding, cold blooded
Stripped of emotion, I go through the motions, but there's no
Life in my eyes, it's like I'm hooked up to a respirator
Waiting to die, hooked up to the fucking chair
Waiting to fry, soothing an electrocution currently used
In my execution, producing thoughts at the speed of light
Burning confusion, I'm loosing my sight, breathing is tight
The evening is white, I made my peace with the Lord and now I
Stand on his right..

Death is a another part of life..

These are my last words, I'm having difficulty breathing
Dying on the inside, internally bleeding
Angel of death dragging me away while I'm sleeping
Watching my world crumble in front of me, searching for meaning
These are my last words, I'm having difficulty breathing
Dying on the inside, internally bleeding
Angel of death dragging me away while I'm sleeping
Watching my world crumble in front of me, searching for meaning

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Cause Of Death"

[Talking]

Immortal Technique

Revolutionary Volume 2

Yeah, broadcasting live from Harlem, New York

Let the truth be known..

[Verse 1]

You better watch what the fuck flies outta ya mouth
Or I'ma hijack a plane and fly it into your house
Burn your apartment with your family tied to the couch
And slit your throat, so when you scream, only blood comes out
I doubt that there could ever be...a more wicked MC
'Cause AIDS infested child molesters aren't sicker than me
I see the world for what it is, beyond the white and the black
The way the government downplays historical facts
'Cause the United States sponsored the rise of the 3rd Reich
Just like the CIA trained terrorists to the fight
Build bombs and sneak box cutters onto a flight
When I was a child, the Devil himself bought me a mic
But I refused the offer, 'cause God sent me to strike
With skills unused like fallopian tubes on a dyke
My words'll expose George Bush and Bin Laden
As two separate parts of the same seven headed dragon
And you can't fathom the truth, so you don't hear me
You think illuminati's just a fucking conspiracy theory?
That's why Conservative racists are all runnin' shit
And your phone is tapped by the Federal Government
So I'm jammin' frequencies in ya brain when you speak to me
Technique will rip a rapper to pieces indecently
Pack weapons illegally, because I'm never hesitant
Sniper scoping a commission controlling the president

[Hook]

Father, forgive them, for they don't know right from wrong
The truth will set you free, written down in this song
And the song has the Cause of Death written in code
The Word of God brought to life, that'll save ya soul..

Save ya soul motherfucker...save ya soul..

Yeah, yeah, yeah

[Verse 2]

I hacked the Pentagon for self-incriminating evidence
Of Republican manufactured white powder pestilence
Marines Corps. flack vest, with the guns and ammo
Spittin' bars like a demon stuck inside a piano

Turn a Sambo into a soldier with just one line
Now here's the truth about the system that'll fuck up your mind
They gave Al Queda 6 billion dollars in 1989 to 1992
And now the last chapters of Revelations are coming true
And I know a lot of people find it hard to swallow this
Because subliminal bigotry makes you hate my politics
But you act like America wouldn't destroy two buildings
In a country that was sponsoring bombs dropped on our children
I was watching the Towers, and though I wasn't the closest
I saw them crumble to the Earth like they was full of explosives
And they thought nobody noticed the news report that they did
About the bombs planted on the George Washington bridge
Four Non-Arabs arrested during the emergency
And then it disappeared from the news permanently
They dubbed a tape of Osama, and they said it was proof
"Jealous of our freedom," I can't believe you bought that excuse
Rocking a motherfucking flag don't make you a hero
Word to Ground Zero
The Devil crept into Heaven, God overslept on the 7th
The New World Order was born on September 11

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

And just so Conservatives don't take it to heart
I don't think Bush did it, 'cause he isn't that smart
He's just a stupid puppet taking orders on his cell phone
From the same people that sabotaged Senator Wellstone
The military industry got it poppin' and lockin'
Looking for a way to justify the Wolfowitz Doctrine
And as a matter of fact, Rumsfeld, now that I think back
Without 9/11, you couldn't have a war in Iraq
Or a Defense budget of world conquest proportions
Kill freedom of speech and revoke the right to abortions
Tax cut extortion, a blessing to the wealthy and wicked
But you still have to answer to the Armageddon you scripted
And Dick Cheney, you fucking leech, tell them your plans
About building your pipelines through Afghanistan
And how Israeli troops trained the Taliban in Pakistan
You might have some house niggas fooled, but I understand
Colonialism is sponsored by corporations
That's why Halliburton gets paid to rebuild nations
Tell me the truth, I don't scare into paralysis
I know the CIA saw Bin Laden on dialysis
In '98 when he was Top Ten for the FBI
Government ties is really why the Government lies
Read it yourself instead of asking the Government why
'Cause then the Cause of Death will cause the propaganda to die..

[Man talking]

He is scheduled for 60 Minutes next.
He is going on French, British, Italian, Japanese television.
People everywhere are starting to listen to him.

It's embarrassing

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Freedom Of Speech"

Freedom of speech, motherfucker
Okay, something for the kids (hahaha)

[Pinocchio]

I got no strings to hold be down
To make me fret or make me frown
I had strings, but now I'm free
I got no strings on me

[Verse 1]

Step into the club smoothly with a L in my hand
Bitches know that I'm a freak like the elephant man
Intelligent plans
Fuck a record deal, I want development land
With my benevolent clan
And that's the reason that I only trust my fam
40,000 records sold, 400 grand
Fuck a middle man, I won't pay anyone else
I'll bootleg it and sell it to the streets my self
I'd rather be that than signed and stuck on a shelf
And because of this executives try to diss me
Racism frozen in time like Walt Disney
And now they say they wanna get me signed to the majors
If I switch up my politics and change my behavior
Try to tell me what to rhyme about over the beat
Bitch niggas that never spent a day in the street
But I repeat that nobody can hold my reigns
I put the truth on tracks nigga, simple and plain

[Pinocchio]

I got no strings, so I have fun
I'm not tied up when we need one
They've got strings but you can see
There are no strings on me!

[Verse 2]

I guess to America I'm a disaster
A slave that was destined to own his masters
Independent in every single sense of the word
I say what I want, you fuckin little sensitive herb
This is America, I thought we had freedom of speech
But now you want try to control the way that I speak
And O'Reilly you think that you a patriot?
You ain't nothing but a motherfuckin racist bitch
Fulla hatred, pressin a button trying to inject me
But I ain't got no motherfuckin deal with Pepsi
No corporate sponser telling me what to do

Asking me to tone it down during the interview
Tryin' to minimize the issue, but I'm keeping it large
I love the place that I live, but I hate the people in charge
Speakin is hard when you got strings attached
So I'm a say it for you 'cause I ain't got none o' that
And if you didn't understand what I spit at your brain
Aiyyo son, let this little nigga explain:

[Pinocchio]

I got no strings, so I have fun
I'm not tied up when we need one
They've got strings but you can see
There are no strings on me!

Come on son, y'all niggas know the way I do
Immortal Technique-dot-com live for you
And I know sometimes it be making you nervous
The way I snatch puppet rappers that belong in a circus
You motherfuckers just can't compare
Looking for a fan base that's no longer there
I know that you're scared, and you're hidin' up in the cut
But this is freedom of speech nigga, tell 'em what's up

Word nigga, fuck John Ashcroft! Nigga, fuck Fox News! Fuck those snake-ass
bitches Tryin to manipulate your opinion, tellin you what to think
Word the fuck up, like "we invaded niggas 'cause we want to free them"
You racist motha fucka, you don't give a shit about those people
You can suck my dick!!
(hahahaha)

Another rum and coke at the bar, nigga
Its my day off, word up
Fuck, for the kids, (ha) for the kids (hahaha)
Beat Bandits

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Leaving The Past"

They told me I would never make it, I would never achieve it
Reality is nourishment, but people don't believe it
I guess it's hard to stomach the truth like a bulimic
It's a dirty game and nobody is willing to clean it
But this is for the paraplegic, people dreamin' of runnin'
Ladies married to men who don't please 'em, dreamin' of comin'
Verbally murderous like David Berkowitz when I'm gunnin'
Some cowards on the Internet didn't think I would sell
Scared to talk shit in person, 'cause they stuck in a shell
And couldn't understand the pain of being stuck in a cell
Hell is not a place you go, if you're not a Christian
It's the failure of your life's greatest ambition
It's a bad decision to blindly follow any religion
I don't see the difference in between the wrong and the wrong
Soldiers emptyin' their clips at little kids and their moms
Are just like a desperate motherfucker strapped to a bomb
Humanity's gone, smoked up in a gravity bong
By a democrat republican Cheech and Chong
Immortal Technique, you never heard me preach in a song
I'm not controversial, I'm just speakin' the facts
Put your hands in the air like you got the heat to your back
And shake your body like a baby born addicted to crack
And since life's a gamble like the craps tables at Vegas
I freestyle my destiny, it's not written in pages

I hate it when they tell us how far we came to be
As if our people's history started with slavery
Painfully I discovered the shit they kept a secret
This is the exodus like the black Jews out of Egypt
I keep it reality based with the music I make
Blow up the truth in your face with the style I run with
Like the Navy missile that shot down Flight 800
I'm like the Africans who came here before Colombus
And from the fifteen hundreds until after the morrow
I watch Latin America get raped in the sorrow
You see the Spaniards never left despues de Colon
And if you don't believe me, you can click on Univision
I never seen so much racism in all of my life
Every program and newscast, all of them white
It's like Apartheid with 10 percent ruling the rest
That type of stress 'll make me put the fucking tool to your chest
Step in my way nigga, I wouldn't wanna be ya
I burn slow like pissing drunk with gonorrhea
I'll do a free show in North Korea, burning the flag
While J. Edgar Hoover politicians dress up in drag
Try to confuse you, makin' it hard to follow this:
Capitalism and democracy are not synonymous

You swallow propaganda like a birth control pill
Sellin' your soul to the eye on the back of the dollar bill
But that will never be me, 'cause I'm leavin' the past
Like an abused wife with the kids, leavin' your ass
Like a drug addict clean and sober, leavin' the stash
Unbreakable Technique leavin' the plane crash
I'm out with the black box and I refuse to return
I spit reality, instead of what you usually learn
And I refuse to be concerned with condescending advice
'Cause I'm the only motherfucker that could change my life

Some people think I won't make it
But I know that I will
Escape the emptiness
'Cause that shit is slow and it kills
The flow and the skill
I made y'all believe that it last
You can make the future
But it starts with leaving the past

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"You Never Know"

(feat. Jean Grae)

[Immortal Technique:]

She was on her way to becoming a college graduate
Wouldn't even stop to talk to the average kid
The type of Latina I'd sit and contemplate marriage with
Fuck the horse and carriage shit, her love was never for hire
Disciplined, intellectual beauty is what I desire
Flyer than Salma Hayek or Jennifer Lopez
Everyone told me, kickin' it to her was hopeless
At first I just thought she didn't mess with broke kids
The thug niggas always talking about how they smoke kids
But the rich-sniff-coke kids got no play
"I'm not even interested" is what her body language would say
Everyone around the way gave up trying to get in it
It didn't matter how good your game was, she wasn't with it
On the block, bitches was jealous but wouldn't admit it
Talk shit, and deny to everyone that they did it, 'cause they regretted the long list of niggas that they let hit it
And no one ever gave them shit except McDonald's and did-dick
Smoking weed, with thoughts of envy whenever they lit it
She spoke intelligently and they bit it, always trying to copy
But when they tried to use her vocab they sounded sloppy
She had a style, all her own, respectful and pure
I was sick in the head for her, and there wasn't a cure

[Jean Grae:]

Don't you know that time waits for no man?
My fate, it's all planned
I'm blessed just to know you
I've loved and I've lost just to hold you all night
Can't find a reason why
God came between you and I
If I had the chance again, I'd never let you go
Hold tight to your love, 'cause you never know

[Immortal Technique:]

Her eyes are brown and beautiful, yet empty and sad
I used to talk to her occasionally, and she was glad
That I wasn't just another nigga trying to get in it
So every now and then we'd stop and talk for a minute
I didn't have a gimmick, so the minutes turned to hours
On her birthday I gave her a poem with flowers
Then I took her out to dinner after her cousin's baby shower
We talked about power to the people and such
We spent more time together, but it was never enough
I never tried to sneak a touch or even cop a feel
I was too interested in keeping it real
Perfectly honest and complete

She would always call me "cariño" and never Technique
Bought me a new book to read every two or three weeks
Forever changing the expression of my thoughts when I speak
It was because of her I even deaded all of my freaks
She convinced me to stop hanging out on the streets
To stop robbin' and stealing from people like you
Instead I took her out to the Apollo and the Bronx Zoo
Museo del Barrio, and the Metropolitan too
Got to the point when I was either with her or my crew
So I decided one day to tell her my feelings was true
I couldn't live without her, so I told her, facing my fears
But honey's only response was a face full of tears
She could only sob hysterically, holding me tight
I tried to speak, but she wouldn't stop until I left sight
I felt like a moth who got himself too close to the light
Except I didn't burn, I turned cold after that night

[Jean Grae:]

Don't you know that time waits for no man?
My fate, it's all planned
I'm blessed just to know you
I've loved and I've lost just to hold you all night
Can't find a reason why
God came between you and I
If I had the chance again, I'd never let you go
Hold tight to your love, 'cause you never know

[Immortal Technique:]

I went on with my life, college and my career
Ended up locked up like an animal for a year
Where the C.O.'s talk to you like they were the overseer
Then I got sent to the hole when my exit was near
At night in my cell, I'd close my eyes and I'd see her
Hold her close in my dreams, but when I woke she disappeared
Just an empty cell until the state gave me parole
In the summer, came back, intact and on track
But the fact of the matter is I still felt cold
Even after my mother hugged me, crying at home
My real niggas would catch me thinking, outta my zone
Fucking lots of different women, but I still felt alone
Relatively well-known around the New York underground
But I kept thinking of her and how we used to be down
The sound of her voice, and the beautiful smell of her hair
Though gone physically, somehow it was still there
I had to do something because the shit was too much to bear
So I went and visited the building where she used to live
The world looks a lot different after you do a bid
The way your life done changed
While primitive minds are still stuck in the same game
Like her cousin who was on the corner, slanging cocaine
Stepped in the lobby, and tapped the button next to her last name
Her mom buzzed me up and hugged me up like a mother oughta
But her facial expression changed

When I asked about her daughter

[Jean Grae:]

Don't you know that time waits for no man?
My fate, it's all planned
I'm blessed just to know you
I've loved and I've lost just to hold you all night
Can't find a reason why
God came between you and I
If I had the chance again, I'd never let you go
Hold tight to your love, 'cause you never know

[Immortal Technique:]

She told me that there was a note, for me, that was left behind
And she had left it there waiting for such a long time
I was inclined to ask about it, but she brought it up first
I saw a tear swelling up in her eye, and then she cursed
She told me where the letter was, and I started thinking the worst
Reversed my position, stepped over and opened the door
And sure enough there was an envelope
With my name on the floor: "Nobody loves you more than me, cariño," is what the letter said

"By the time you get to read this, I'll probably be dead
But when you left in '97, a part of me went to Heaven
I thank God at least I got to know what love really was
But it hurt me to see what true love really does
'Cause even though we never made love
You were all that there was
It was because I loved you so much that I had to make you leave
You made me doubt the way I thought
You made me want to believe
And then I slipped up, and I let you get close to me
It was hard to not be openly when people spoke to me
This was not the way I thought my life was supposed to be
Baby, don't you see?
I had a blood transfusion that left me with HIV
Hope didn't exist for me since late in 1993
I died a virgin, I wish I could've given myself to you
I cried in the hospital because there was no one else but you
Promise that you'll meet me in Paradise inevitably
No matter what, I'll keep your love forever with me"

What happened for the rest of the day is still a blur
But I remember wishing that I was dead, instead of her
She was buried on August 3rd

The story ends without a sequel; and now you know why Technique don't fucking fall in love with people
Hold the person that you love closely if they're next to you
The one you love, not the person that'll simply have sex with you
Appreciate them to the fullest extent and then beyond
'Cause you never really know what you got until it's gone

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"One (Remix)"

(feat. Akir)

[Intro]

[Akir:] Yo tech, it's the last call baby it's good

[Immortal Technique:] Yeah, you know a remix just feels right dog?

[Akir:] Before we get outta here, you gotta drop one last gem on them
Knahmsayin?

[Immortal Technique:] No question, it's like the elders told me
No one person can do anything, but everyone can do something
So we gotta rep, for all the niggaz that ain't here right now

[Akir:] The outro tip, the One Remix, yo

[Akir]

One Enterprises, comprises the artist and the sound
The pen and paper plays my savior while I'm getting down
Pray for my nieghbors as a favor for holding me down
Slave for my papers as I savor the way that it pounds
It's underground, but the blatent vibrations widely found
Facing the nation complacent radio stations now
Stop hesitaing and contemplating the way we paitient
Start motivating and get them playin the shit we sayin
Ain't no delayin in this war that we gettin slayed in
Cause times a waistin while we stand adjacent to abrasions
They founs are more than flagrant
And so I see the prisons cages while I pound the pavement
Looking for payment saying fuck enslavement
Usin the tools of old ancients
Announcing my engagment to this music that we making
Ain't no faking on tracks, and we ain't never come wack (never!)
Immortal Technique and Akir y'all niggaz fear us that's a wrap
It's like

[Hook]

One love
One music
One people
One movement
One heart
One spark
One, One, One, One
One gift
One lift
One stance
One shift
One way
One day
One, One, One, One, One

[Immortal Technique]

Immortal Technique in the trenches with my nigga Akir
Our family survived the genocides so we can be here
And now we enterprise the aftermath, one in the same
Living the revolution 'till we catch one in the brain
And even then my spirit will return in heavenly form
And wipe the chess board clean, of my enemies pawns
The red don communist threat, buried and gone
So they invented a war, the government can carry on
It makes me wonder if the word of god is lost in the man
This is for the children of Iraq, lost in the sand
This is for the illest emcees that'll never be known
And this is for all the soldiers that'll never come home
I wrote this for Momia, stuck in a beast
For people who, march in the streets, and struggle for peace
For hood niggaz, born rugged, never rocking Versace
Eddie Ramier's cousin George, and my old friend Sashi
Chris from the block, and all my niggaz stuck in a cell
Paul Wolfowitz, motherfucker I'll see you in hell
My destiny is to show the world, that the music is real
Go back in time and play this shit, for the slaves in the field
And for my children in the future, waiting to breathe
People slowly dying hanging on, waiting to leave
Believe when I'm gone, and this album's on a library shelf
I'll be one with god and one with you and everything else

[Hook]

[Immortal Technique talking]

Yeah..

Revolutionary Volume 2 has been brought to you
By the type of motherfuckers who ain't scared of shit
And if you playing this album, and I'm no longer here
And sometime far away from when I recorded this
Remember that history
Isn't the way the corporate controlled media made it look like
Read between the lines and free your mind
Revolution is the birth of equality
And the anti-thesis to oppression
But this is only built for real motherfuckers
So when I'm gone, don't let nobody I never got along with
Try to make songs kissing my ass, recycling my beats or my vocals
The shit is real over here man
Thank you for listening, and thank you for supporting independent Hip Hop
The heart and soul of our culture
Keeping the truth alive
Goodnight my people.. goodnight..